Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that striue by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whome we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the field,
And now at last, laden with honours spoiles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes,
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
Whome worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismisse your followers, and as suters should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How fairre the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

In

In thy vprightnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Friends, that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause.
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bascianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Successfull in the battailes that he fightes,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus *sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Quecne of Gothes and her two sonnes,* Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*